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# TAYLOR'S: A PASTORAL OF NORWAY.

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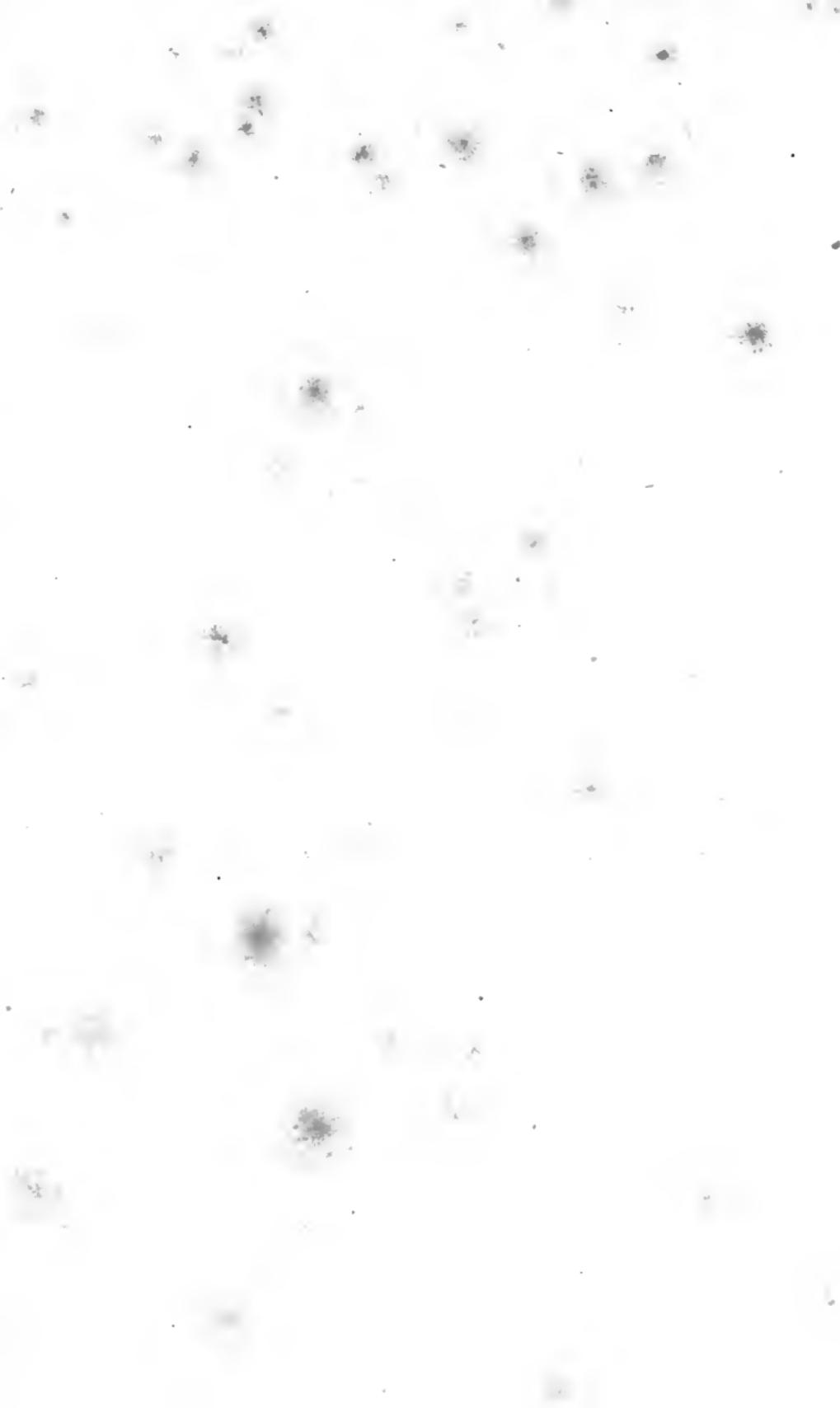
PS  
2986  
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1873

With much love,  
Your friend  
H. Jerome James

May 1<sup>st</sup> 1920.



L A R S.



# L A R S:

A PASTORAL OF NORWAY.

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR.

III



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JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,  
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TO

*JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.*

---

THROUGH many years my heart goes back,  
Through checkered years of loss and gain,  
To that fair landmark on its track,  
When first, beside the Merrimack,  
Upon thy cottage roof I heard the autumn rain.

A hand that welcomed and that cheered  
To one unknown didst thou extend ;  
Thou gavest hope to Song that feared ;  
But now, by Time and Faith endeared,  
I claim the sacred right to call the Poet, Friend !

## DEDICATION.

However Life the stream may stain,  
From thy pure fountain drank my youth  
The simple creed, the faith humane  
In Good, that never can be slain,  
The prayer for inward Light, the search for outward  
Truth !

Like thee, I see at last prevail  
The sleepless soul that looks above ;  
I hear, far off, the hymns that hail  
The Victor, clad in heavenly mail,  
Whose only weapons are the eyes and voice of Love !

Take, then, these olive leaves from me,  
To mingle with thy brighter bays !  
Some balm of peace and purity,  
In them, may faintly breathe of thee ;  
And take the grateful love, wherein I hide thy praise !

B. T.

## CONTENTS.

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BOOK I. . . . .	9
BOOK II. . . . .	55
BOOK III. . . . .	101



B O O K I.



## B O O K I.

---

ON curtained eyes, and bosoms warm with rest,  
On slackened fingers and unburdened feet,  
On limbs securer slumber held from toil,  
While nimble spirits of the busy blood  
Renewed their suppleness, yet filled the trance  
With something happy which was less than dream,  
The sun of Sabbath rose. Two hours, afar,  
Behind the wintry peaks of Justedal,  
Unmarked, he climbed ; then, pausing on the crest  
Of Fille Fell, he gathered up his beams  
Dissolved in warmer blue, and showered them down  
Between the mountains, through the falling vale,  
On Ulvik's cottages and orchard trees.

And one by one the chimneys breathed ; the sail  
That loitered lone along the misty fiord  
Flashed like a star, and filled with fresher wind ;  
The pasturing steers, dispersed on grassy slopes,  
Raised heads of wonder over hedge and wall  
To call, unanswered, the belated cows ;  
And ears that would not hear, or heard in dreams,  
The lark's alarum over idle fields,  
And lids, still sweetly shut, that else unclosed  
At touch of daybreak, yielded to the day.

Then, last of all, among the maidens, met  
To dip fresh faces in the chilly fount,  
And smoothen braids of sleep-entangled hair,  
Came Brita, glossy as a mating bird.  
No need had she to stoop and wash awake  
Her drowsy senses : air and water kissed  
A face as bright and breathing as their own,

In joy of life and conscious loveliness.  
If still her mirror's picture stayed with her,  
A memory, whispering how the downcast lid  
Shaded the flushing fairness of her cheek,  
And hinting how a straying lock relieved  
The rigid fashion of her hair, or how  
The curve of slightly parted lips became  
Half-sad, half-smiling, either meaning much  
Or naught, as wilful humor might decide,—  
Yet thence was born the grace she could not  
lose :  
Her beauty, guarded, kept her beautiful.

“ Wilt soon be going, Brita ? ” Ragnil asked ;  
“ And which the way, — by fiord or over fell ? ”  
“ Why, both ! ” another laughed ; “ or else the rocks  
Will split and slide beneath the feet of Lars,  
Or Per will meet the Kraken ! ” Brita held

L A R S.

One dark-brown braid between her teeth, and  
wove

The silken twine and tassels through its fringe,  
Before she spake; but first she seemed to sigh :  
“ I will not choose ; you shall not spoil my day !  
All paths are free that lead across the fell ;  
All wakes are free to keels upon the fiord,  
And even so my will : come Lars or Per,  
Come Eric, Anders, Harald, Olaf, Nils,  
Come sæter-boys, or sailors from the sea,  
No lass is bound to slight a decent lad,  
Or walk behind him when the way is wide.”

“ No way is wide enough for three, I ’ve heard,”  
Said Ragnil, “ save there be two men that prop  
A third, when market’s over.”

“ Go your ways ! ”

Then Brita cried : “ if two or twelve should come,

I call them not, nor do I bid them go :

A friendly word is no betrothal ring."

Then tossed she back her braids, and with them  
tossed

Her wilful head. "Why, take you both, or all!"

She said, and left them, adding, "if you can!"

With silent lips, nor cared what prudent fears,  
Old-fashioned wisdom, dropped in parrot-words,  
Chattered behind her as she climbed the lane.

Along her path the unconverted bees

Set toil to music, and the elder-flowers

Bent o'er the gate a snowy entrance-arch,

Where, highest on the slope, her cottage sat.

Her bed of pinks there yielded to the sun

Its clove and cinnamon odors ; sheltered there

Beneath the eaves, a rose-tree nursed its buds,

And through the door, across the dusk within,

LARS.

She saw her grandam set the morning broth  
And cut a sweeter loaf. All breathed of peace,  
Of old, indulgent love, and simple needs,  
Yet Brita sighed,—then blushed because she sighed.

“ Dear Lord ! ” the ancient dame began, “ ‘t is just  
The day, the sun, the breeze, the smell of flowers,  
As fifty years ago, in Hallingdal,  
When I, like thee, picked out my smartest things,  
And put them on, half guessing what would hap,  
And found my luck before I took them off.  
See ! thou shalt wear the brooch, my mother’s then,  
And thine when I am gone. Some luck, who  
knows ?  
May still be shining in the fair red stone.”  
So, from a box that breathed of musky herbs,  
She took the boss of roughly fashioned gold,  
With garnets studded : took, but gave not yet.

LARS.

Some pleasure in the smooth, cool touch of gold,  
Or wine-red sparkles, flickering o'er the stones,  
Or dream of other fingers, other lips  
That kissed them for the bed they rocked upon  
That happy summer eve in Hallingdal,  
Gave her slow heart its girlhood's pulse again,  
Her cheek one last leaf of its virgin rose.

O, foolishness of age ! She dared not say  
What then she felt : Go, child, enjoy the bliss  
Of innocent woman, ripe for need of man,  
And needing him no less ! Some natural art  
Will guide thy guileless fancies, some pure voice  
Will whisper truth, and lead thee to thy fate !  
But, ruled by ancient habit, counselled thus :  
“ Be on thy guard, my Brita ! men are light  
Of tongue, and unto faces such as thine  
Mean not the half they say : the girl is prized

LARS.

Who understands their ways, and holds them off  
Till he shall come, who, facing her, as she  
And death were one, pleads for his life with her :  
When such an one thou meetest, thou wilt know."

" Nay, grandam ! " Brita said ; " I will not hear  
A voice so dreadful-earnest : I am young,  
And I can give and take, not meaning much,  
Nor over-anxious to seem death to men :  
I like them all, and they are good to me.  
I 'll wear thy brooch, and may it bring me luck,  
Not such as thine was, as I guess it was,  
But, in the kirk, short sermon, cheerful hymn,  
Good neighbors on the way, and for the dance  
A light-foot partner ! " With a rippling laugh  
That brushed the surface of her heart, and hid  
Whatever doubt its quiet had betrayed,  
She kissed the withered cheek, and on her breast

Pinned the rough golden boss with wine-red stones.  
“Come, Brita, come !” rang o'er the elder-flowers :  
“I come !” she answered, threw her fleeting face  
Upon the little mirror, took her bunch  
Of feathered pinks, and joined the lively group  
Of Sundayed lads and lasses in the lane.

They set themselves to climb the stubborn fell  
By stony stairs that left the fields below,  
And ceased, far up, against the nearer blue.  
But lightly sprang the maids ; and where the slides  
Of ice ground smooth the slanting planes of rock,  
Strong arms drew up and firm feet steadied theirs.  
Here lent the juniper a prickly hand,  
And there they grasped the heather's frowsy hair,  
While jest and banter made the giddy verge  
Secure as orchard-turf ; and none but showed  
The falcon's eye that guides the hunter's foot,

Till o'er their flushed and breathless faces struck  
The colder ether ; on the crest they stood,  
And sheltered vale and ever-winding fiord  
Sank into gulfs of shadow, while afar  
To eastward many a gleaming tooth of snow  
Cut the full round of sky.

“ Why, look you, now ! ”

Cried one ; “ the fiord is bare as threshing-floor  
When winter’s over : what’s become of Per ? ”  
“ And what of Lars ? ” asked Ragnil, with a glance  
At Brita’s careless face ; “ can he have climbed  
The Evil Pass, and crossed the thundering foss,  
His nearest way ? ” As clear as blast of horn  
There came a cry, and on the comb beyond  
They saw the sparkle of a scarlet vest.  
Then, like the echo of a blast of horn,  
A moment later, fainter and subdued,  
A second cry ; and far to left appeared

L.A.R.S.

A form that climbed and leaped, and nearer strove.  
And Harald, Anders Ericssen, and Nils  
Set their three voices to accordant pitch  
And shouted one wild call athwart the blue,  
Until it seemed to quiver : as they ceased  
The maids began, and, moving onward, gave  
Strong music : all the barren summits rang.

So from the shouts and girlish voices grew  
The wayward chorus of a soeter-song,  
Such as around the base of Skagtolstind  
The chant of summer-jötun seems, when all  
The herds are resting and the herdsmen meet ;  
And while it swept with swelling, sinking waves  
The crags and ledges, Lars had joined the band,  
And from the left came Per ; and Brita walked  
Between them where the path was broad, but when  
It narrowed to such track as tread the sheep

LARS.

Round slanting shoulder and o'er rocky spur  
To reach the rare, sweet herbage, one went close  
Before her, one behind, and unto both  
With equal cheer and equal kindness  
Her speech was given : so both were glad of heart.

A herdsman, woodman, hunter, Lars was strong,  
Yet silent from his life upon the hills.  
Beneath dark lashes gleamed his darker eyes  
Like mountain-tarns that take their changeless hue  
From shadows of the pine : in all his ways  
He showed that quiet of the upper world  
A breath can turn to tempest, and the force  
Of rooted firs that slowly split the stone.  
But Per was gay with laughter of the seas  
Which were his home : the billow breaking blue  
On the Norwegian skerries flashed again  
Within his sunbright eyes ; and in his tongue,

LARS.

Set to the louder, merrier key it learned  
In hum of rigging, roar of wind and tide,  
The rhythm of ocean and its wilful change  
Allured all hearts as ocean lures the land.  
  
Now which, this daybreak with his yellow locks,  
Or yonder twilight, calm, mysterious, filled  
With promise of its stars, shall turn the mind  
Of the light maiden who is neither fain  
To win nor lose, since, were the other not,  
Then each were welcome?— how should maid decide?  
  
For that the passion of the twain was marked,  
And haply envied, and a watch was set,  
She would be strong: and, knowing, seem as though  
She nothing knew, until occasion came  
To bid her choose, or teach her how to choose.

On each and all the soberness of morn  
Yet lay, the weight of hard reality

That even clogs the callow wings of love ;  
And now descending, where the broader vale  
Showed farm on farm, and groves of birch and oak,  
And fields that shifted gloss like shimmering silk,  
The kirk-bells called them through the mellow air,  
Slow-swinging, till, as from a censer's cup  
The smoke diffused makes all the minster sweet,  
The peace they chimed pervaded earth and sky.  
As under foliage of the lower land  
The pathway led, more harmless fell the jest,  
The laugh less frequent : then the maidens drew  
Apart, set smooth their braids, their kirtles shook,  
And grave, decorous as a troop of nuns,  
Entered the little town. Ragnil alone  
And Anders Ericssen together walked,  
For twice already had their banns been called.  
Lars shot one glance at Brita, as to say :  
“ Were thou and I thus promised, side by side ! ”

LARS.

Then looked away ; but Per, who kept as near  
As decent custom let, all softly sang :  
“Forget me thou, I shall remember still !”  
That she might hear him, and so not forget.  
Thus onward to the gray old kirk they moved.

The bells had ceased to chime : the hush within  
With holy shuddering from the organ-bass  
Was filled, and when it died the prayer arose.  
Then came another stillness, as the Lord  
Were near, or bent to listen from afar,  
And last the text ; but Brita found it strange.  
Thus read the pastor : “Set me as a seal  
Upon thy heart, yea, set me as a seal  
Upon thine arm ; for love is strong as death,  
And jealousy is cruel as the grave.”  
She felt the garnets burn upon her breast,  
As if all fervor of the olden love

Still heated them, and fire of jealousy,  
And to herself she thought: "Has any face  
Looked on me with a love as strong as death?  
But I am Life, and how am I to know?"  
Then, straightway weary of the puzzle, she  
Began to wander with her dancing thoughts  
Out o'er the fell, and up and down the slopes  
Of sunny grass, while ever and anon  
The preacher's solemn voice struck through her  
dream,  
Its sound a menace and its sense unknown.  
Then she was sad, and vexed that she was sad  
And vexed with them who only could have caused  
Her sadness: "Grandam's luck, forsooth!" she thought:  
"If one were luck, why, two by rights were more,  
But two a plague, a lesser plague were one,  
And not a fortune!" So, till service ceased,  
And all arose when benediction came,

## LARS.

She mused with pettish thrust of under lip,  
Nor met the yearning eyes of Lars and Per.

The day's grave duty done, forth issued all,  
Foregathering with the Vossevangen youth,  
The girls of Graven and the boys of Vik,  
Where under elms before the guest-house front  
Stood tables brown with age : already bore  
The host his double-handed bunch of cans  
Fresh-filled and foaming ; and the cry of *Skoal!*  
Mixed with the clashing kiss of glassy lips.  
But when in gown of black the pastor came,  
All rose, respectful, waiting for his words.  
A pace in front stood Anders Ericssen,  
Undignified in bridegroom dignity,  
Because too conscious : Ragnil blushed with shame,  
And all the maidens envied her the shame,  
When reverend fingers tapped her cheek, and he,

L A R S.

That good man, said : " How fares my bonny bride ?  
She must not be the last this summer ; look,  
My merry lads, what harvest waits for you ! "  
And on the maidens turned his twinkling eyes,  
That beamed a blessing with the playful words.

Then Lars slipped nearer Brita, where she stood  
Withdrawn a little, underneath the trees.  
" You heard the pastor," said he ; " would you next  
Put on the crown ? not you the harvest, nay,  
The reaper, rather ; and the grain is ripe."  
" A field," she answered, " may be ripe enough  
When half the heads are empty, and the stalks  
Are choked with cockle. I 've no mind to reap.  
Indeed, I know not what you mean : the speech  
The pastor uses suits not you nor me."  
She meant reproof, yet made reproof so sweet  
By feigned impatience, which betrayed itself,

LARS.

That Lars bent lower, murmured with quick breath :  
“ O, take my meaning, Brita ! Give me one,—  
But one small word to say that you are kind,  
But one kind word to tell me you are free,  
And I not wholly hateful ! ” “ Lars ! ” she cried,  
Her frank, sweet sympathy aroused, “ not so !  
As friendly-kind as I can be, I am,  
But free of you, and all ; and that 's enough !  
You men would walk across the growing grain,  
And trample it because it is not ripe  
Before the harvest.” Thereupon she smiled,  
Sent him one dewy glance that should have been  
Defiant, but a promise seemed ; then turned,  
And hastening, almost brushed the breast of Per.

He caught her by the hands, that Viking's son,  
Whose fathers wore the eagle-helm, and stood  
With Frithiof at the court of Angantyr,

LARS.

Or followed fair-haired Harald to the East,  
Though fishing now but herring, cod, and bass,  
Not men and merchant-galleys : he was red  
With mead, no less than sun and briny air:  
He caught her by the hands, and said, as one  
Who gives command and means to be obeyed :  
“ You ’ll go to Ulvik, Brita, by the fiord !  
Björn brings my boat ; the wind is off the sea,  
But light as from a Bergen lady’s fan :  
Say, then, you ’ll go ! ”

The will within his words  
Struck Brita harshly. For a moment she  
Pondered refusal, then, with brightening face  
Turned suddenly, and cried to all the rest :  
“ How fine of Per ! we need not climb the fell :  
He ’ll bear us all to Ulvik by the fiord ;  
Björn brings his boat ; the wind is off the sea ! ”  
And all the rest, with roaring skoal to Per,

Struck hands upon the offer; only he  
For plan so friendly showed a face too grim.  
He set his teeth and muttered: "Caught this  
time,  
But she shall pay it!" till his discontent  
Passed, like a sudden squall that tears the sea,  
Yet leaves a sun to smile the billows down.  
His jovial nature, bred to change, was swayed  
By the swift consequence of Brita's whim,  
The grasp of hand, the clap of shoulder, clink  
Of brimming glass, and whispers overheard  
Of "Luck to Per, and Björn, and all the boys  
That reap, but sow not, on the rolling fields!"  
And Brita, too, no sooner punished him  
Than she relented, and would fain appease;  
Whence, fluttering to and fro, she kept the plan  
Alive, yet made its kindness wholly Per's:  
Only, when earnestly to Lars she said:

" You 'll go with us ? " he answered sullenly :

" I will not go : my way is o'er the fell. "

He did not quit them till they reached the strand,  
And on the stern-deck and the prow was piled  
The bright, warm freight ; then chose a dangerous  
path,

A rocky ladder slanting up the crags,  
And far aloft upon a foreland took  
His seat, with chin upon his clenching hands,  
To watch and muse, in love and hate, alone.

But they slid off upon a wind that filled  
The sail, yet scarcely heeled the boat a-lee :  
They seemed to rest above a hanging sky  
Twixt shores that went and shores that slowly  
came

In silence, and the larger shadows fell  
From heaven-high walls, a darker clearness in

LARS.

The air above, the firmament below,  
Crossed by the sparkling creases of the sea.  
Björn at the helm and Per to watch the wind,  
They scarcely sailed, but soared as eagle soars  
O'er Gousta's lonely peak with moveless plumes,  
That, level-set, cut the blue planes of air ;  
And out of stillness rose that sunset hymn  
Of Sicily, the *O sanctissima !*  
That swells and fluctuates like a sleepy wave.  
Thus they swam on to where the fiord is curved  
Around the cape, where through a southward cleft  
Some wicked sprite sends down his elfish flaws.  
So now it chanced : the vessel sprang, and leaned  
Before the sudden strain ; but Per and Björn  
Held the hard bit upon their flying steed,  
And laughing, sang : " Out on the billows blue  
You needs must dance, and on the billows blue  
You sleep, a babe, rocked by the billows blue ! "

As suddenly the gust was over : then  
Found Per a seat by Brita. "Did you fear ?"  
He said ; and she : "Who fears that sails with Per?"  
" Nay, then," he whispered, "never fear me more,  
As twice to-day : why give me all this freight,  
When so much less were so much more to me ?"  
" Since when were maidens free as fishermen ?  
Not since the days of Brynhild, I believe " ;  
She answered, sharply : " I was fain to sail,  
And place for me meant place for more beside."  
" Not in my heart," he said ; " it holds and keeps  
Thee only ; thou canst not escape my love " ;  
And tried to take her hand : she, bending o'er  
The low, black bulwarks, saw a crimson spark  
Drop on the surface of the pale-green wave,  
And sink, surrounded by a golden gleam.  
" O, grandam's brooch !" she cried, and started up,  
Sat down again, and hid her face, and wept.

LARS.

Some there lamented as the loss were theirs,  
Some shook their heads in ominous dismay,  
But all agreed that, save a fish should bring  
The jewel in its maw (and tales declared  
The thing once happened), none would see it more.  
Said Guda Halstensdatter: "I should fear  
An evil, had I lost it." Thorkil cried :  
" Be silent, Guda ! Loss is grief enough  
For Brita : would you frighten her as well ?  
There 's many think that jewels go and come,  
Having some life or virtue of their own  
That drives them from us or that brings them back.  
'T was so with my great-grandam's wedding-ring."

" Now, how was that?" all asked ; and Thorkil spake:  
" Why, not a year had she been wedded, when  
The ring was gone : how, where, a mystery.  
It was a bitter grief, but nothing happed

Save losses, ups and downs, that come to all:  
Both took their lot in patience and in hope,  
And worked the harder when the luck was least.  
So from the moorland and the stony brake  
They won fresh fields; and now, when came around  
The thirteenth harvest, and the grain was ripe  
On that new land, my grandsire, then a boy,  
One morn came leaping, shouting, from the field.  
High in his hand he held a stalk of wheat,  
And round the ripened ear, between the beards,  
Hung, like a miracle, the wedding-ring!  
And father heard great-grandam say it shone  
So wonderful, she dropped upon her knees;  
She thought God's finger touched it, giving back.  
Who knows what fish may pounce on Brita's brooch  
Before it reach the bottom of the fiord,  
And then, what fisher net the fish?" Some there  
Began to smile at this, and Per's blue eyes

LARS.

Danced with a cheerful light, as, in the cove  
Of Ulvik entered, fell his sagging sail.  
No more spake Brita ; homeward up the hill  
She walked alone, sobbing with grief and dread.

The world goes round : the sun sets on despair,  
The morrow makes it hope. Each little life  
Thinks the great axle of the universe  
Turns on its fate, and finds impertinence  
In joy or grief conflicting with its own.  
Yet fate is woven from unnoted threads ;  
Each life is centred in the life of all,  
And from the meanest root some fibre runs  
Which chance or destiny may intertwine  
With those that feed a force or guiding thought,  
To rule the world : so goes the world around.

And Brita's loss, that made all things seem dark,

Was soon outgrieved : came Anders' wedding-day  
And Ragnil's, and the overshining joy  
Of these two hearts from others drove the shade.  
Forth from her home the ruddy bride advanced,  
Not fair, but made so by her bridal bliss,  
The tall-crown on her brow, and in her hand  
The bursting nosegay : Anders, washed and sleeked,  
With ribbons on his hat, from head to foot  
Conscious of all he wore, each word he spake,  
And every action for the day prescribed,  
Stuck to her side. It was a trying time ;  
But when the strange truth was declared at last  
That they were man and wife, so greeted with  
The cries of flute and fiddle, crack of guns,  
And tossing of the blossom-brightened hats,  
They breathed more freely ; and the guests were glad  
That this was over, since the festival  
Might now begin, and mirth be lord of all.

LARS.

In Ragnil's father, Halfdan's home, the casks  
Of mead were tapped, the Dantzig brandy served  
In small old glasses, and the platters broad,  
Heaped high with salmon, cheese, and caviar,  
Tempted and soothed before the heavier meal.

No guest in duty failed ; and Per began —  
The liquor's sting, the day's infection warm  
Upon his blood — to fix his sweetheart's word,  
Before some wind should blow it otherwhere.

“ Your hand, my Brita,” stretching his, — “ your hand  
For all the dances : see, my heels are light !  
I have a right to ask you for amends,  
But ask it as a kindness.” “ Nay,” she said,  
“ You have no right ; but I will dance one dance  
With you, as any other.” “ Will you then ? ”  
He cried, and caught her sharply by the wrist :  
“ I'll not be ‘ any other,’ do you hear ?  
I'll be the one, the only one, whose foot

LARS.

Keeps time with yours, my heart the tune thereto !”  
Then shouting comrades whirled him from her side,  
And Ragnil called the maids, to show her stores  
Of fine-spun linen, lavendered and cool  
In nutwood chests, her bed and canopy  
Painted with pictures of the King and Queen,  
And texts from Scripture, o'er the pillows curled  
Where she and Anders should that night repose.  
They shut the door to keep the lads without,  
Then shyly stole away ; and Brita found  
Alone, among the garden bushes, Lars.

His eyes enlarged and brightened as she came ;  
He said, in tones whose heartful sweetness made  
Her pulses thrill : “ I will not bind you yet :  
Dance only first with me that soeter-dance  
You learned on Graafell : Nils will play the air.  
Then take your freedom, favor whom you will.

L A R S.

I shall not doubt you, now and evermore."

" But, Lars " — she said, then paused ; he would not  
wait :

The mirthful guests drew near. " I 'll keep you, then,"

He whispered ; " till I needs must let you go.

This much will warm me on the windy fells,

Make sunshine of the mists, melt frost in dew,

And paint the rocks with roses." Could she turn

From that brave face, those calm, confiding eyes ?

Could she, in others' sight, reject the hand

Now leading to the board ? If so, too late

Decision came, for she had followed him,

And sat beside him when the horns of mead

Made their slow pilgrimage from mouth to mouth,

And while the stacks of bread sank low, the haunch

Of stall-fed ox diminished to the bone,

Till multeberries, Bergen gingerbread,

With wine of Spain, made daintier end of all.

LARS.

Then, like a congress of the blackbirds, held  
In ancient tree-tops on October eves,  
The tables rang and clattered ; but, ere long,  
Brisk hands had stripped them bare, and, turning down  
The leaves, made high-backed settles by the wall.

Through all the bustle and the din were heard  
The fiddle-strings of Nils, as one by one  
They chirped and squeaked in dolorous complaint,  
Until the bent ear and the testing bow  
Found them accordant : then a flourish came  
That scampered up and down the scale, and lapsed  
In one long note that hovered like a bird,  
Uncertain where to light ; but so not long :  
It darted soon, a lark above the fells,  
And spun in eddying measures. Here a pair,  
And there another, took the vacant floor,  
Then Lars and Brita, sweeping in the dance

LARS.

That whirled and paused, as if a mountain gust  
Blew them together, tossed, and tore apart.  
And ever, when the wild refrain came round,  
Lars flung himself and sideways turned in air,  
Yet missed no beat of music when he fell.

“By holy Olaf!” gray-haired Halfdan cried :  
“There’s not a trick we knew in good old days,  
But he has caught it : so I danced myself.”

Upon the sweeping circles entered Per,  
Held back, at first, and partially controlled  
By them who saw the current of his wrath,  
And whitherward it set ; but now, when slacked  
The fiery pulses of the dance, he broke  
Through all, and rudely thrust himself on Lars.  
“Your place belongs to me,” he hoarsely cried,—  
“Your place and partner !” “Brita’s free to choose,”  
Said Lars, “and may be bidden ; but this floor

Is not your deck, nor are you captain mine:  
I think your throat has made your head forget."

Lars spake the truth that most exasperates :  
His words were oil on flame, and Per resolved,  
So swayed by reckless anger, to defy  
Then, once, and wholly. "Deck or not," said he,  
"You know what right I mean : you stand where I  
Allow you not : I warn you off the field!"

Lars turned to Brita : "Does he speak for you?"  
She shook her head, but what with shame and fear  
Said nothing : "We have danced our sceter-dance,"  
He further spake, "and now I go : when next  
We meet at feast, I claim another such."  
"Ay, claim it, claim!" Per shouted ; "but you 'll first  
Try knives with me, for blood shall run between  
Your words and will : where you go, I shall be."  
"So be it : bid your mother bring your shroud!"  
Lars answered ; and he left the marriage house.

The folk of Ulvik knew, from many a tale  
Of feud and fight, from still transmitted hates  
And old Berserker madness in their blood,  
What issue hung : but whoso came between  
Marked that the mediation dwelt with her  
Who stood between : if she would choose, why, then  
The lover foiled forsooth must leave in peace  
The lover favored, — further strife were vain.  
  
But Lars was far upon the windy heights,  
And Per beyond the skerries on the sea,  
And Ragnil bustling busy as a wife,  
That might have helped ; while those to Brita came,  
More meddlesome than kind, who hurt each nerve  
They touched for healing. What could she, but cry  
In tears and anger : “ Shall I seek them out,  
Bestow myself on one, take pride for love,  
And forfeit thus all later pride in me ?  
Rather refuse them both, and on myself

Turn hate of both : their knives, i' faith ! were dull  
Beside your cutting tongues !” She vowed, indeed,  
In moonlit midnights, when she could not sleep,  
And either window framed a rival face,  
That seemed to wait, with set, reproachful eyes,  
To smile on neither, hold apart and off  
Their fatal kindness. She repel, that drew ?  
As if an open rose could will away  
Its hue and scent, a lily arm its stem  
With thorns, a daisy turn against the sun !

The fields were reaped ; the longer shadows thrown  
From high Hardanger and the eastern range  
Began to chill the vales : it was the time  
When on the meadow by the lonely lake  
Of Graven, from the regions round about  
The young men met to hold their wrestling-match,  
As since the days of Olaf they had done.

LARS.

There, too, the maids came and the older folk,  
Delighting in the grip of strength and skill,  
The strain of sinew, stubbornness of joint,  
And urge of meeting muscles. All the place  
Was thronged, and loud the cheers and laughter rang  
When some old champion from a rival vale  
Bent before fresher arms, and from his base  
Wrenched ere he knew, fell heavily to earth.  
Until the sun across the fir-trees laid  
His lines of level gold, they watched the bouts ;  
Then strayed by twos and threes toward the sound  
Of wassail in the houses and the booths.

And Brita with her Ulvik gossips went.  
Once only, when a Lærdal giant brought  
Sore grief upon the men of Vik, she saw  
Or seemed to see, beyond the stormy ring,  
The shape of Lars ; but, scarce disquieted

If it were he, or if the twain were there,  
(Since blood, she thought, must surely cool in time,) She followed to the house upon the knoll Where ever came and went, like bees about Their hive's low doorway, groups of merry folk. A mellow dusk already filled the room ; The chairs were pushed aside, and on the stove, As on a throne of painted clay, sat Nils. Behold ! Lars waited there ; and as she reached The inner circle round the dancing-floor He moved to meet her, and began to say “ Thanks for the last ” — when from the other side Strode Per.

The two before her, face to face, Stared at each other : Brita looked at them. All three were pale ; and she, with faintest voice, Remembering counsel of the tongues unkind, Could only breathe : “ I know not how to choose.”

LARS.

“No need!” said Lars: “I choose for you,” said Per.  
Then both drew off and threw aside their coats,  
Their broidered waistcoats, and the silken scarves  
About their necks ; but Per growled “All!” and  
made

His body bare to where the leathern belt  
Is clasped between the breast-bone and the hip.  
Lars did the same ; then, setting tight the belts,  
Both turned a little : the low daylight clad  
Their forms with awful fairness, beauty now  
Of life, so warm and ripe and glorious, yet  
So near the beauty terrible of Death.  
All saw the mutual sign, and understood ;  
And two stepped forth, two men with grizzled hair  
And earnest faces, grasped the hooks of steel  
In either’s belt, and drew them breast to breast,  
And in the belts made fast each other’s hooks.  
An utter stillness on the people fell

While this was done : each face was stern and  
strange,

And Brita, powerless to turn her eyes,  
Heard herself cry, and started : " Per, O Per ! "

When those two backward stepped, all saw the flash  
Of knives, the lift of arms, the instant clench  
Of hands that held and hands that strove to strike :  
All heard the sound of quick and hard-drawn breath,  
And naught beside ; but sudden red appeared,  
Splashed on the white of shoulders and of arms.  
Then, thighs intwined, and all the body's force  
Called to the mixed resistance and assault,  
They reeled and swayed, let go the guarding clutch,  
And struck out madly. Per drew back, and aimed  
A deadly blow, but Lars embraced him close,  
Reached o'er his shoulder and from underneath  
Thrust upward, while upon his ribs the knife,

LARS.

Glancing, transfixed the arm. A gasp was heard :  
The struggling limbs relaxed ; and both, still bound  
Together, fell upon the bloody floor.

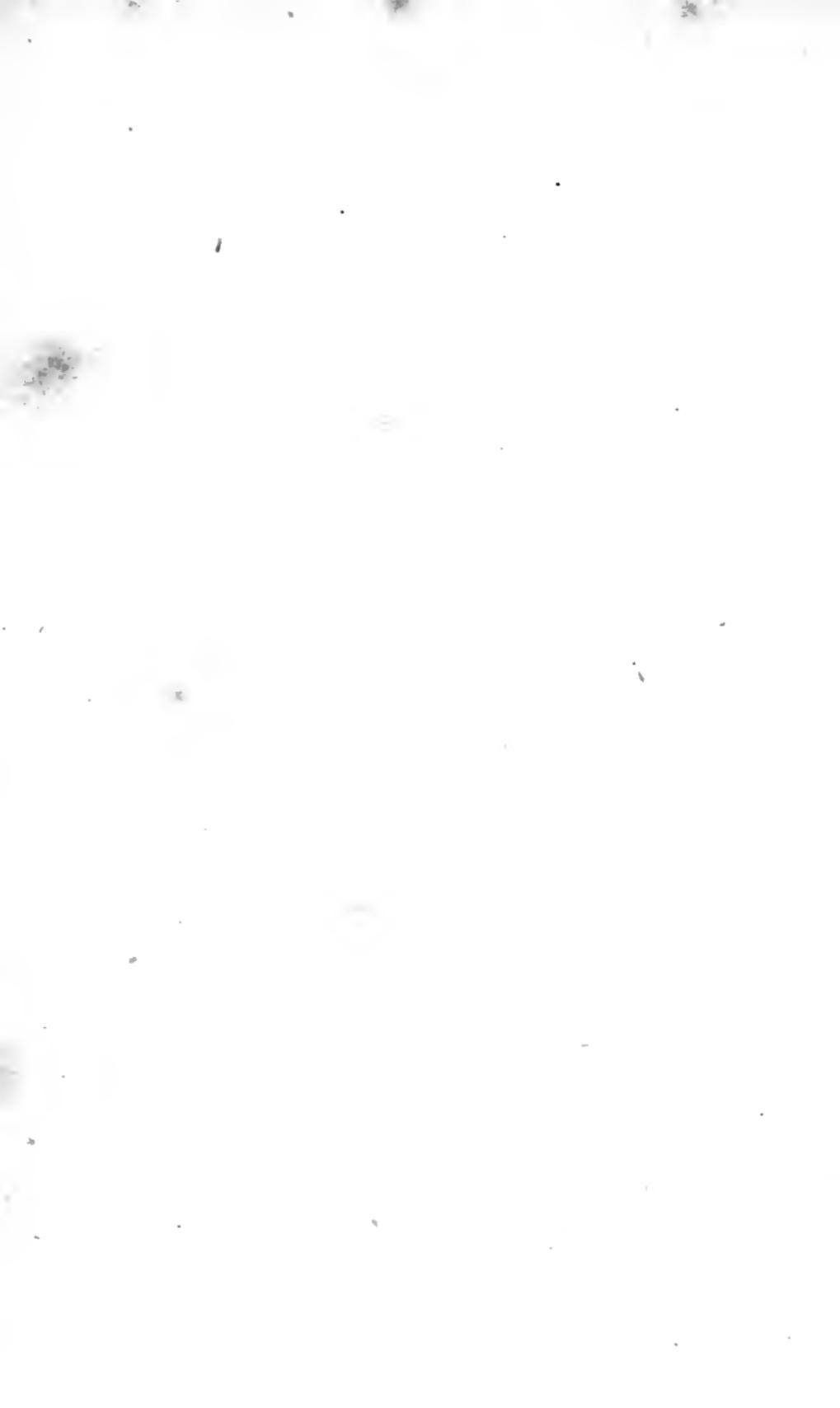
Some forward sprang, and loosed, and lifted them  
A little ; but the head of Per hung back,  
With lips apart and dim blue eyes unshut,  
And all the passion and the pain were gone  
Forever. “Dead !” a voice exclaimed ; then she,  
Like one who stands in darkness, till a blaze  
Of blinding lightning paints the whole broad world,  
Saw, burst her stony trance, and with a cry  
Of love and grief and horror, threw herself  
Upon his breast, and kissed his passive mouth,  
And loud lamented : “O, too late I know  
I love thee best, my Per, my sweetheart Per !  
Thy will was strong, thy ways were masterful ;  
I did not guess that love might so command !

Thou wert my ruler : I resisted thee,  
But blindly : O, come back ! — I will obey.”

Within the breast of Lars the heart beat on,  
Yet faintly, as a wheel more slowly turns  
When summer drouth has made the streamlet thin.  
They stanched the gushing life ; they raised him up,  
And sense came back and cleared his clouded eye  
At Brita’s voice. He tried to stretch his hand :  
“Where art thou, Brita ? It is time to choose :  
Take what is eft of him or me !” He paused :  
She did not answer. Stronger came his voice :  
“I think that I shall live : forget all this !  
’T was not my doing, shall not be again,  
If only thou wilt love me as I love.”  
“I love thee ?” Brita cried ; “who murderest him  
I loved indeed ! Why should I wish thee life,  
Except to show thee I can hate instead ?”

LARS.

A groan so deep, so desperate and sad  
Came from his throat, that men might envy him  
Who lay so silent; then they bore him forth,  
While others smoothed the comely limbs of Per.  
His mother, next, unrolled the decent shroud  
She brought with her, as ancient custom bade,  
To do him honor; for man's death he died,  
Not shameful straw-death of the sick and old.



B O O K   I I .



## B O O K I I.

---

LARS lived, because the life within his frame  
Refused to leave it ; but his heart was dead,  
He thought, for nothing moved him any more.  
He spake not Brita's name, and every path  
Where he had scattered fancies of the maid  
Like seeds of flowers, but whence, instead, had grown  
Malignant briars, to clog and tear his feet,  
Was hated now : so, all that once seemed life,  
So bright with power and purpose, rich in chance,  
And dropping rest from every cloud of toil,  
Became a weariness of empty days.

Thus, not to 'scape the blood-revenge for Per  
Which Thorsten vowed, his brother : not to shun

The tongues and eyes of censure or reproach,  
Or spoken pity, angering more than these ;  
But, since each rock upon the lonely fell  
Kept echoes of her voice, each cleft of blue  
Where valleys wandered downward to the wave  
Held shadows of her form, each meadow-sod  
Her footprints, — all the land so filled with her,  
Once hope, delight, but desolation now, —  
Forth must he go, beyond his father's hearth,  
Beyond the vales, beyond the teeth of snow,  
The shores and skerries, till the world become  
Too wide for knowledge of his evil fate,  
Too strange for memory of his ruined love !

He recked not where ; but into passive moods  
Some spirit drops a leaven, to point anew  
Men's aimless forces. Was it only chance  
That now recalled a long-forgotten tale ?

How Leif, his mother's grandsire, crossed the seas  
To those new lands the great Gustavus claimed :  
How, in The Key of old Calmàr, their ship,  
A trooper he, with Printz the Governor,  
Sailed days and weeks ; the blue would never turn  
To shallower green, and landsmen moped in dread,  
Till shores grew up they scarce believed were such,  
Low-lying, fresh, as if the hand of God  
Had lately finished them. But farther on  
The curving bay to one broad river led,  
Where cabins nestled on the rising banks,  
With mighty woods, and mellow intervals,  
Inviting corn and cattle. Then rejoiced  
The Swedish farmers, and were set ashore ;  
But on the level isle of Tinicum  
Printz built a fort, and there the trooper, Leif,  
Abode three years : and he was fain to tell,  
When wounds and age had crippled him, how fair

LARS.

And fruitful was the land, how full of sun  
And bountiful in streams,— and pity 't was  
The strong Norse blood could not have stocked it all!

Lars knew not why these stories should return  
To haunt his gloomy brain : but it was so,  
And on the current of his memory launched  
His thought, and followed ; then neglected will  
Awoke, and on the track of thought embarked,  
And soon his life was borne away from all  
It knew, and burst the adamantine ring  
Which bound its world within the greater world.  
As one who, wandering by the water-side,  
Steps in an empty boat, and sits him down,  
Not knowing that his step has loosed the chain,  
And drifts away, unwitting, on the tide,  
So he was drifted : no farewell he spake,  
But happy Ulvik and the fiord and fell

LARS.

Passed from his eyes, and underneath his feet  
The world went round, until he found himself,  
Like one aroused from sleep, upon the hills  
That roll, the heavings of the boundless blue.

As unto Leif, his mother's grandsire, so  
To him it seemed the blue would never turn  
To shallower green, till shining fisher-sails  
Came, stars of land that rose before the land ;  
Then fresher shores and climbing river-banks,  
And broken woods and mellow intervalles,  
With houses, corn, and cattle. There, perchance,  
He dreamed, the memory of Leif might bide  
Upon the level isle of Tinicum,  
Or farms of Swedish settlers : if 't were so,  
One stone was laid whereon to build a home.  
But when the vessel at the city's wharf  
Dropped anchor, and the bright new land was won,

The high red houses and the sober throngs  
Were strange to him, and strange the garb and speech.  
Awhile he lingered there ; until, outgrown  
The tongue's first blindness and the stranger's shame,  
His helpless craft was turned again to use.

Then sought he countrymen, and, finding now  
Within the Swedish Church at Weccacoe  
No Norse but in the features, else all changed,  
He left and wandered down the Delaware  
Unto the isle of Tinicum ; and there  
Of all that fortress of the valiant Printz  
Some yellow bricks remained. The name of Leif  
Who should remember ? Do we call to mind,  
Years afterward, the clover-head we plucked  
Some morn of June, and smelled, and threw away ?  
But when we find a life erased and lost  
Beneath the multitude's unsparing feet,—

LARS.

A life so clearly beating yet for us  
In blood and memory,— comes a sad surprise :  
So Lars went onward, losing hope of good,  
To where, upon her hill, fair Wilmington  
Looks to the river over marshy meads.  
  
He saw the low brick church, with stunted tower,  
The portal-arches, ivied now and old,  
And passed the gate : lo ! there, the ancient stones  
Bore Norland names and dear, familiar words !  
  
It seemed the dead a comfort spake : he read,  
Thrusting the nettles and the vines aside,  
And softly wept : he knew not why he wept,  
But here was something in the strange new land  
That made a home, though growing out of graves.  
  
  
  
Led by a faith that rest could not be far,  
Beyond the town, where deeper vales bring down  
The winding brooks from Pennsylvanian hills,

LARS.

He walked : the ordered farms were fair to see,  
And fair the peaceful houses : old repose  
Mellowed the lavish newness of the land,  
And sober toil gave everywhere the right  
To simple pleasures. As by each he passed,  
A spirit whispered : "No, not there!" and then  
His sceptic heart said : "Never anywhere!"

The sun was low, when, with the valley's bend,  
There came a change. Two willow-fountains flung  
And showered their leafy streams before a house  
Of rusty stone, with chimneys tall and white ;  
A meadow stretched below ; and dappled cows,  
Full-fed, were waiting for their evening call.  
The garden lay upon a sunny knoll,  
An orchard dark behind it, and the barn,  
With wide, warm wings, a giant mother-bird,  
Seemed brooding o'er its empty summer nest.

LARS.

Then Lars upon the roadside bank sat down,  
For here was peace that almost seemed despair,  
So near his eyes, so distant from his life  
It lay : and while he mused, a woman came  
Forth from the house, no servant-maid more plain  
In her attire, yet, as she nearer drew,  
Her still, sweet face, and pure, untroubled eyes  
Spake gentle blood. A browner dove she seemed,  
Without the shifting iris of the neck,  
And when she spake her voice was like a dove's,  
Soft, even-toned, and sinking in the heart.  
  
Lars could not know that loss and yearning made  
His eyes so pleading ; he but saw how hers  
Bent on him as some serious angel's might  
Upon a child, strayed in the wilderness.  
  
She paused, and said : " Thou seemest weary,  
friend,"  
  
But he, instead of answer, clasped his hands.

The silent gesture wrought upon her mind :  
She marked the alien face ; then, with a smile  
That meant and made excuse for needful words,  
She said : "Perhaps thou dost not understand ?"  
"I understand," Lars answered ; "you are good.  
Indeed, I 'm weary : not in hands and feet,  
But tired of idly owning them. I see  
A thousand fields where I could take my bread  
Nor stint the harvest, and a thousand roofs  
• That shelter corners where my head might rest,  
Nor steal another's pillow !"

## As to seek

The meaning of his words, she mused a space.  
In that still land of homes, how should she guess  
What fancies haunt a homeless heart ? Yet his  
Was surely need ; so, presently, she spake :  
" Work only waits, I 've thought, for willing hands ;  
A meal, and shelter for the night, we give

LARS.

To all that ask ; what more is possible  
Rests with my father.” Lars arose and went  
Beside her, where the cows came loitering on  
With udders swelled, and meadow-scented breath,  
Through opened bars and up the grassy lane.

“ Ho, Star ! ” and “ Pink ! ” he called them coaxingly  
In soft Norse words : they stared as if they knew.  
“ See, lady ! ” then he cried : “ the honest things  
Like him that likes them, over all the world.”  
But “ Nay,” she said, “ not ‘lady’ ! — call me  
Ruth :

My father’s name is Ezra Mendenhall,  
And hither comes he : I will speak for thee.”

So Lars was sheltered, and when evening fell,  
And all, around the clean and peaceful board,  
Kept the brief silence which is fittest prayer  
Before the bread is broken, he was filled

LARS.

With something calm which was akin to peace,  
With something restless, which was almost hope.  
The white-haired man with placid forehead sat  
And faced him, grave as any Bergen judge,  
Yet kindly ; he the stranger's claim allowed,  
And ample space for hunger, ere he spake :  
“ What, then, might be thy name ? ” “ My name is  
Lars,  
The son of Thorsten, in the Norway land.  
My father said the blood of heathen kings  
Runs in our veins, but we are Christian men,  
Who work the more because of idle sires,  
And speak the truth, and try to live good lives.”

Lars ceased, as if a blow had closed his mouth,  
But Ezra said : “ The name sounds heathenish,  
Indeed, yet hardly royal ; blood is naught to us,  
Yea, less than naught, or I, whose fathers served

LARS.

The third man Edward, and his kindly wife,  
Philippa, loved the vanities of courts  
And cast away the birthright of their souls,  
Were now, perchance, a worldly popinjay,  
The Lord forgetting and provoking Him  
Me to forget. But this is needless talk :  
Thy hands declare that thou art bred to work ;  
Thy face, methinks, is truthful ; if thy life  
Be good, I know not. I can trust no more  
Than knowledge justifies, and charity  
Bids us assume until the knowledge comes."

"No more I ask," Lars answered ; "simple ways  
To me are home-ways : I can learn to serve,  
Because, when others served me, I was just."

"Our ways are strange to thee," said Ezra ; "thine  
Unsuitable, if here too long retained.

The just in spirit find in outward things  
A voice and testimony, which may not  
Be lightly changed: what sayest thou to this?"

"To change in mine? Why, truly, 't were no  
change

To do thy bidding, yet to call thee friend;  
To use the speech of brethren, as at home;  
And, feigning not the faith that still may part,  
To bide in charity till knowledge comes,—  
So much, without a promise, I should give."

"Thou speakest fairly," Ezra said; "to me  
Is need of labor less than faithful will,  
But this includes the other: if thou stand  
The easier test, the greater then may come.  
The man who feels his duty makes his own  
The beasts he tends or uses, and the fields,

Though all may be another's." "Then," said Ruth,  
"My cows already must belong to Lars:  
His speech was strange, and yet they understood."

So Lars remained. That night, beneath the roof,  
His head lay light; the very wind that breathed  
Its low, perpetual wail among the boughs  
Sufficed to cheer him, and the one dim star  
That watched him from the highest heaven of  
heavens

Made morning in his heart. Too soon passed off  
The exalted mood, too soon his rich content  
Was tarnished by the daily round of toil,  
And all things grown familiar; yet his pride,  
That rose at censure for each petty fault  
Of ignorance, supported while it stung.  
And Ezra Mendenhall was just, and Ruth  
Serenely patient, sweetly calm and kind:

So, month by month, the even days were born  
And died, the nights were drowned in deeper rest,  
And fields and fences, streams and stately woods,  
Fashioned themselves to suit his newer life,  
Till ever fainter grew those other forms  
Of fiord and fell, the high Hardanger range,  
And Romsdal's teeth of snow. Yea, Brita's eyes  
And Per's hot face he learned to hold away,  
Save when they vexed his helpless soul in dreams.

The land was called Hockessin. O'er its hills,  
High, wide, and fertile, blew a healthy air :  
There was a homestead set wherever fell  
A sunward slope, and breathed its crystal vein,  
And up beyond the woods, at crossing roads,  
The heart of all, the ancient meeting-house ;  
And Lars went thither on an autumn morn.  
Beside him went, it happened, Abner Cloud,

LARS.

A neighbor ; rigid in the sect, and rich,  
And it was rumored that he crossed the hill  
To Ezra's house, oftener than neighbor-wise.  
This knew not Lars : but Abner's eye, he thought,  
Fell not upon him as a friend's should fall,  
And Abner's tongue perplexed him, for its tone  
Was harsh or sneering when his words were fair.  
He spake from every quarter, as a man  
Who seeks a tender spot, or wound unhealed,  
And probes the surface which he seems to soothe  
Until some nerve betrays infirmity.  
This, only, were the two alone : if Ruth  
Came near, his face grew mild as curded milk,  
And unctuous kindness overflowed his lips  
Precise and thin, as who should godlier be ?  
Perhaps he wooed, but 'twas a wooing strange,  
Lars fancied, or his heart were other stuff  
Than those are made of which can bless or slay.

It was a silent meeting. Here the men  
And there the women sat, the elder folk  
Facing the younger from their rising seats,  
With faces grave beneath the stiff, straight brim  
Or dusky bonnet. They the stillness breathed  
Like some high air wherein their souls were free,  
And on their features, as on those that guard  
The drifted portals of Egyptian fanes,  
Sat mystery : the Spirit they obeyed  
By voice or silence, as the influence fell,  
Was near them, or their common seeking made  
A spiritual Presence, mightier than the grasp  
Of each, possessed in reverence by all.  
But o'er the soul of Lars there lay the shade  
Of his own strangeness : peace came not to him.  
Awhile he idly watched the flies that crawled  
Along the hard, bare pine, or marked, in front,  
The close-cut hair and flaring lobes of ears,

LARS.

Until his mind turned on itself, and made  
A wizard twilight, where the shapes of life  
Shone forth and faded : subtler sense awoke,  
But dream-like first, and then the form of Per  
Became a living presence which abode ;  
And all the pain and trouble of the past  
Threatened like something evil yet to come.  
At last, that phantasm of his memory sat  
Beside him, and would not be banished thence  
By will or prayer : he lifted up his face,  
And met the cold gray eyes of Abner Cloud.

The man, thenceforward, seemed an enemy,  
And Ruth, he scarce knew why, but all her ways  
So cheered and soothed, a power to subjugate  
The devil in his heart. But now the leaves  
Flashed into glittering jewels ere they fell ;  
The pastures lessened, and, when day was done,

Came quiet evenings, bare of tale and song,  
Such as beneath Norwegian rafters shook  
Tired lids awake ; and wearisome to Lars,  
Till Ruth, who noted, fetched the useless books  
Of school-girl days, and portioned him his task,  
Herself the teacher. Oft would Ezra smile  
To note her careful and unyielding sway.  
“ Nay, now,” he said ; “ I thought our speech was  
plain,  
But thou dost hedge each common phrase with thorns,  
Like something rare : dost thou not make it hard ? ”  
“ A right foundation, father,” she replied,  
“ Makes easy building : thus it is in life.  
I teach thee, Lars, no other than the Lord  
Requires of all, through discipline that makes  
His goodness hard until it lives in us.”  
With paler cheeks Lars turned him to his task,  
Thus innocently smitten ; but his mind

LARS.

Increased in knowledge, till the alien tongue  
Obeyed the summons of his thought. So toil  
Brought freedom, and the winter passed away.

Where Lars was blind, the eyes of Abner Cloud  
Saw more than was. This school-boy giant drew,  
He fancied, like a rank and chance-sown weed  
Beside some wholesome plant, the strength away  
From his desire, of old and rightful root.

'T was not that Ruth should love the stranger, — no !  
But woman's interest is lightly caught,  
So hers by Lars, that might have turned to him.  
Had he not worldly goods, and honest name,  
And birthright in the meeting ? Who could weigh  
Unknown with these deserts ? — but gentleness  
Is blind, and goodness ignorant ; so he,  
By malice made sagacious, learned to note  
The large, strong veins that filled and rose, although

LARS.

The tongue was still, the clench of powerful hands,  
The trouble hiding in the gloomy eye,  
And wrought on these by cunning words. But most  
He played with forms of Scandinavian faith  
In that old time before King Olaf came,  
And made their huge, divine barbarities,  
Their strength and slaughter, fields of frost and blood,  
More hideous. "These are fables, thou wilt claim,"  
It was his wont to say ; "but such must nurse  
A people false and cruel."

Then would Lars  
Reply with heat : "Not so ! but honest folk, instead,  
Too frank to hide the face of any fault,  
And free from all the evil crafts that breed  
In hearts of cowards ! "

Ruth, it rarely chanced,  
Heard aught of this, but when she heard, her voice  
Came firm and clear : "Indeed, it is not good

To drag those times forth from their harmless graves.  
Their ignorance and wicked strength are dead,  
And what of good they knew was not their own,  
But ours as well : this is our sole concern,  
To feed the life of goodness in ourselves  
And all, that so the world at last escape  
The darkness of our fathers far away."

As when some malady within the frame  
Is planted, slowly tainting all the blood,  
And underneath the seeming healthy skin  
In secret grows till strong enough to smite  
With rank disorder, so the strife increased ;  
And Lars perceived the devil of his guilt  
Had made a darkness, where he ambushed lay  
And waited for his time. Against him rose  
The better knowledge, breeding downy wings  
Of prayer, yet shaken by mistrust and hate

LARS.

At touch of Abner's malice. Thus the hour,  
The inevitable, came.

A Sabbath morn  
Of early spring lay lovely on the land.  
Upon the bridge that to the barn's broad floor  
Led from the field, stood Lars : his eyes were fixed  
Upon his knife, and, as he turned the blade  
This way and that, and with it turned his thought,  
While musing if 't were best to cover up  
This witness, or to master what it told,  
Close to the haft he marked a splash of rust,  
And shuddered as he held it nearer. "Blood,  
And doubtless human !" spake a wiry voice,  
And Abner Cloud bent down his head to look.  
A sound of waters filled the ears of Lars  
And all his flesh grew chill : he said no word.  
"I have thy history, now," thought Abner Cloud,  
And in the pallid silence read but fear ;

LARS.

So thus aloud : " Thou art a man of crime,  
The proper offspring of the godless tribes  
Who drank from skulls, and gnawed the very bones  
Of them they slew. This is thine instrument,  
And thou art hungering for its bloody use.  
Say, hast thou ever eaten human flesh ? "

Then all the landscape, house, and trees, and hills,  
Before the eyes of Lars, burned suddenly  
In crimson fire : the roaring of his ears  
Became a thunder, and his throat was brass.  
Yet one wild pang of deadly fear of self  
Shot through his heart, and with a mighty cry  
Of mingled rage, resistance, and appeal,  
He flung his arms towards heaven, and hurled afar  
The fatal knife. This saw not Abner Cloud :  
But death he saw within those dreadful eyes,  
And turned and fled. Behind him bounded Lars,

LARS.

The man cast off, the wild beast only left,  
The primal savage, who is born anew  
In every child. Not long had been the race,  
But Ezra Mendenhall, approaching, saw  
The danger, swiftly thrust himself between,  
And Lars, whose passion-blinded eyes beheld  
An obstacle, that only, struck him down.  
Then deadly hands he dashed at Abner's throat,  
But they were grasped : he heard the cry of Ruth,  
Not what she said : he heard her voice, and stood.

She knew not what she said : she only saw  
The wide and glaring eyes suffused with blood,  
The stiff-drawn lips that, parting, showed the teeth,  
And on the temples every standing vein  
That throbbed, dumb voices of destroying wrath.  
The soul that filled her told her what to do :  
She dropped his hands and softly laid her own

LARS.

Upon his brow, then looked the devil down  
Within his eyes, till Lars was there again.  
Ere long he trembled, while, o'er all his frame  
A sweat of struggle and of agony  
Brake forth, and from his throat a husky sob.  
He tried to speak, but the dry tongue refused ;  
He could but groan, and staggered towards the  
house,  
As walks a man who neither hears nor sees.

With bloodless lips of fear gasped Abner Cloud :  
“ A murderer ! ” as Ezra Mendenhall  
Came, stunned, and with a wound across his brow.  
“ O, never ! ” Ruth exclaimed ; but she was pale.  
She bound her father’s head ; she gave him drink ;  
She steadied him with arms of gentle strength,  
Then spake to Abner : “ Now, I pray thee, go ! ”  
No more : but such was her authority

LARS.

Of speech and glance, the spirit and the power,  
That he obeyed, and turned, and left the place.

Then Ezra's strength came back ; and "Ruth," he said,

"I see thou hast a purpose : let me know !"

"I only feel," she answered, "that a soul  
Is here in peril, but the way to help  
Is not made plain : the knowledge will be given."

"I have no fear for thee, my daughter : do  
What seemeth good, and strongly brought upon  
Thy mind by plain direction of the Lord !

There is a power of evil in the man  
That might be purged, if once he saw the light."

She left him, seated in the sunny porch :  
Within the house and orchard all was still,  
Nor found she Lars, at first. But she was driven  
By that vague purpose which was void of form,

LARS.

And climbed, at last, to where his chamber lay,  
Beneath the rafters. On the topmost step  
He sat, his forehead bent upon his knees,  
A bundle at his side, as when he came.  
  
He raised his head : Ruth saw his eyes were dull,  
His features cold and haggard, and his voice,  
When thus he spake to her, was hoarse and strange :  
“ Thou need’st not tell me : I already know.  
  
I hope thou thinkest it is hard to me.  
  
I am a man of violence and blood,  
Not meet for thy pure company ; and now  
When unto peaceful ways my heart inclined,  
And thou hadst shown the loveliness of good,  
My guilt, not yet atoned, brings other guilt  
To drive me forth : and this disgrace is worst.”

Ruth stood below him where he sat : she laid  
One hand upon the hand upon his knee,

LARS.

And spake : “ I judge thee not ; I cannot know  
What grievous loss or strong temptation wrought ;  
But if, indeed, to good and peaceful ways  
Thy heart inclines, canst thou not wrestle with  
The Adversary ? This knowledge of thy guilt  
Is half-repentance : whole would make thee sound.”  
“ And then — and then ”— his natural voice returned ;  
“ Then — pardon ? ” “ Pardon, now, from me and him,  
My father, — for I know his perfect heart, —  
Thou hast ; but couldst thou turn thy dreadful strength  
That so it lift, and change, and chasten thee ? ”  
“ If I but could ! ”— he cried, and bowed again  
His forehead. “ Wait ! ” she whispered, left him there,  
And sought her father.

Now, when Ezra heard  
All this repeated, for a space he sat  
In earnest meditation. “ Bid him come ! ”  
He said, at last, and Ruth brought Lars to him.

Upon the doubting and the suffering face  
The old man gazed ; then "Put thy bundle by !"  
Came from his lips ; "thou shalt not leave, to-day.  
Thy hands have done me hurt ; if thou art just,  
One service do thyself, in following me.  
Come with us to the meeting : there the Lord  
Down through the silence of fraternal souls  
May reach His hand. We cannot guess His ways ;  
Only so much the inward Voice declares."

But little else was said : upon them lay  
The shadow of an unknown past, the weight  
Of present trouble, the uncertainty  
Of what should come ; yet o'er the soul of Ruth  
Hung something happier than she dared to feel,  
And Lars, in silence, with submissive feet.  
Followed, as one who in a land of mist  
Feels one side warmer, where the sun must be.

## LARS.

Then, parted ere they reached the separate doors,  
Lars went with Ezra : Abner Cloud, within,  
Beheld them enter, and he marvelled much  
Such things could be. Straightway the highest seat  
Took Ezra, where the low partition-boards  
Sundered the men and women. There alone  
Sat they whom most the Spirit visited,  
And spake through them, and gave authority.

Then silence fell ; how long, Lars could not know,  
Nor Ruth, for each was in a trance of soul,  
Till Ezra rose. His words, at first, were few  
And broken, and they trembled on his lips ;  
But soon the power and full conviction came,  
And then, as with Ezekiel's trumpet-voice  
He spake : "Lo ! many vessels hath the Lord  
Set by the fount of Evil in our hearts.  
Here envy and false-witness catch the green,

LARS.

There pride the purple, lust the ruddy stream :  
But into anger runs the natural blood,  
And flows the faster as 't is tapped the more.  
Here lies the source : the conquest here begins,  
Then meekness comes, good-will, and purity.  
Let whoso weigh, when his offence is sore,  
The Lord's offences, and his patience mete,  
Though myriads less in measure, by the Lord's !  
This yoke is easy, if in love ye bear.  
For none, the lowest, rather hates than loves ;  
But Love is shy, and Hate delights to show  
A brazen forehead ; 't is the noblest sign  
Of courage, and the rarest, to reveal  
The tender evidence of brotherhood.  
With one this sin is born, with other, that ;  
Who shall compare them ? — either sin is dark,  
But one redeeming Light is over both.  
The Evil that assails resist not ye

With equal evil ! — else ye change to man  
The Lord within, whom ye should glorify  
By words that prove Him, deeds that bless like Him !  
What spake the patient and the holy Christ ?  
Unto thy brother first be reconciled,  
Then bring thy gift ! and further : Bless ye them  
That curse you, and do good to them that hate  
And persecute, that so the children ye may be  
Of Him, the Father. Yea, His perfect love  
Renewed in us, and of our struggles born,  
Gives, even on earth, His pure, abiding peace.  
Behold, these words I speak are nothing new,  
But they are burned with fire upon my mind  
To help — the Lord permit that they may save ! ”

Therewith he laid his hat aside, and all  
Beheld the purple welt across his brow,  
And marvelled. Thus he prayed : “ Our God and Lord

And Father, unto whom our secret sins  
Lie bare and scarlet, turn aside from them  
In holy pity, search the tangled heart  
And breathe Thy life upon its seeds of good !  
Thou leavest no one wholly dark : Thou giv'st  
The hope and yearning where the will is weak,  
And unto all the blessed strength of love.  
So give to him, and even withhold from me  
Thy gifts designed, that he receive the more :  
Give love that pardons, prayer that purifies,  
And saintly courage that can suffer wrong,  
For these beget Thy peace, and keep Thee near ! ”

He ceased : all hearts were stirred ; and suddenly  
Amid the younger members Lars arose,  
Unconscious of the tears upon his face,  
And scarcely audible : “ O, brethren here,  
He prayed for my sake, for my sake pray ye !

LARS.

I am a sinful man : I do repent.

I see the truth, but in my heart the lamp

Is barely lighted, any wind may quench.

Bear with me still, be helpful, that I live ! ”

Then all not so much wondered but they felt

The man’s most earnest need ; and many a voice

Responsive murmured : “ Yea, I will ! ” and some,

Whose brows were tombstones over passions slain,

When meeting broke came up and took his hand.

The three walked home in silence, but to Lars

The mist had lifted, and around him fell

A bath of light ; and dimly spread before

His feet the sweetness of a purer world.

When Ezra, that diviner virtue spent

Which held him up, grew faint upon the road,

The arm of Lars became a strength to him ;

Yet all he said, before the evening fell,

LARS.

Was : "Gird thy loins, my friend, the way is long  
And wearisome : haste not, but never rest!"

"I will not close mine eyes," said Lars to Ruth,  
And laid aside the book, *No Cross, No Crown*,  
She gave him as a comfort and a help ;  
"Till thou hast heard the tale I have to tell.  
Thou speakest truth, the knowledge of my sin  
Is half-repentance, yet the knowledge burns  
Like fire in ashes till it be confessed.  
Revoke thy pardon, if it must be so,  
When all is told : yea, speak to me no more,  
But I must speak!" So he began, and spared  
No circumstance of love, and hate, and crime,  
The songs and dances which the Friends forbid,  
The bloody customs and the cries profane,  
Till all lay bare and horrible. And Ruth  
Grew pale and flushed by turns, and often wept,

LARS.

And, when he ceased, was silent. "Now, fare-well!"

He would have said, when she looked up and spake :

"Thy words have shaken me : we read such tales,  
Nor comprehend, so distant and obscure :

Thou makest manifest the living truth.

Save thee, I never knew a man of blood :

Thou shouldst be wicked, and my heart declares

Thy gentleness : ah, feeling all thy sin,

Can I condemn thee, nor myself condemn ?

Thy burden, thus, is laid upon me. Pray

For power and patience, pray for victory !

Then falls the burden, and my soul is glad."

Lars saw what he had done. His limbs unstrung  
Gave way, and softly on his knees he sank,  
And all the passion of his nature bore

His yearning upward, till in faith it died.  
He rose at last ; his face was calm and strong :  
Ruth smiled, and then they parted for the night.

Yet Ezra's words were true : the way was long  
And wearisome. The better will was there,  
But not the trust in self ; for, still beside  
Those pleasant regions opening on his soul,  
Beat the unyielding blood, as beats afar  
The vein of lightning in a summer cloud.  
And, as in each severe community  
Of interests circumscribed, where all is known  
And roughly handled till opinions join,  
So, here, were those who kindly turned to Lars,  
And those who doubted, or declared him false.  
In this probation, Ruth became his stay :  
She knew and turned not, knew and yet believed  
As did no other, — hoping more than he.

Meanwhile the summer and the harvest came.  
One afternoon, within the orchard, Ruth  
Gathered the first sweet apples of the year,  
That give such pleasure by their painted cheeks  
And healthy odor. Little breezes shook  
The interwoven flecks of sun and shade,  
O'er all the tufted carpet of the grass ;  
The birds sang near her, and beyond the hedge,  
Where stretched the oat-field broad along the hill,  
Were harvest voices, broken wafts of sound,  
That brought no words. Then something made her  
start ;  
She gazed and waited : o'er the thorny wall  
Lars leaped, or seemed to fly, and ran to her,  
His features troubled and his hands outstretched.  
“ O Ruth ! ” he cried ; “ I pray thee, take my hands !  
This power I have, at last : I can refrain  
Till help be sought, the help that dwells in thee.”

LARS.

She took his hands, and soon, in kissing palms,  
His violent pulses learned the beat of hers.  
Sweet warmth o'erspread his frame ; he saw her face,  
And how the cheeks flushed and the eyelids fell  
Beneath his gaze, and all at once the truth  
Beat fast and eager in the palms of both.  
“Take not away,” he cried ; “now, nevermore,  
Thy hands ! O Ruth, my saving angel, give  
Thyself to me, and let our lives be one !  
I cannot spare thee : heart and soul alike  
Have need of thee, and seem to cry aloud :  
‘Lo ! faith and love and holiness are one !’”  
But who shall paint the beauty of her eyes  
When they unveiled, and softly clung to his,  
The while she spake : “I think I loved thee first  
When first I saw thee, and I give my life,  
In perfect trust and faith, to these thy hands.”  
“The fight is fought,” said Lars ; “so blest by thee,

LARS.

The strength of darkness and temptation dies.  
If now the light must reach me through thy soul,  
It is not clouded : clearer were too keen,  
Too awful in its purity, for man."

So into joy revolved the doubtful year,  
And, ere it closed, the gentle fold of Friends  
Sheltered another member, even Lars.  
  
The evidence of faith, in words and ways,  
Could none reject, and thus opinions joined,  
And that grew natural which was marvel first.  
  
Then followed soon, since Ezra willed it so,  
Seeing that twofold duty guided Ruth,  
The second marvel, bitterness to one  
Who blamed his haste; nor felt how free is fate,  
Whose sweeter name is love, of will or plan.  
  
And all the country-side assembled there,  
One winter Sabbath, when in snow and sky

LARS.

The colors of transfiguration shone,  
Within the meeting-house. There Ruth and Lars  
Together sat upon the women's side,  
And when the peace was perfect, they arose.  
He took her by the hand, and spake these words,  
As ordered : " In the presence of the Lord  
And this assembly, by the hand I take  
Ruth Mendenhall, and promise unto her,  
Divine assistance blessing me, to be  
A loving and a faithful husband, even  
Till Death shall separate us." Then spake Ruth  
The same sweet words ; and so the twain were one.



**B O O K III.**



## BOOK III.

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LOVE'S history, as Life's, is ended not  
By marriage: though the ignorant Paradise  
May then be lost, the world of knowledge waits,  
With ample opportunities, to mould  
Young Eve and Adam into wife and man.  
Some grace of sentiment expires, yet here  
The nobler poetry of life begins:  
The squire is knight, the novice takes the vow,  
Old service falls, new powers and duties join,  
And that high Beauty, which is crown of all,  
No more a lightsome maid, with tresses free  
And mantle floating from the bosom bare,  
Confronts us now like holy Barbara,

LARS.

As Palma drew, or she, Our Lady, born  
On Milos, type of perfect growth and pure.

So Lars and Ruth beside each other learned  
What neither, left unwedded, could have won :  
He how reliant and how fond the heart  
Whose love seemed almost pity, she how firm  
And masterful the nature, which appealed  
There for support where hers had felt no strain ;  
And both, how solemn, sweet, and wonderful  
The life of man. Their life, indeed, was still,  
Too still for aught save blessing, for a time.  
All things were ordered : plenty in the house  
And fruitfulness of field and meadow made  
Light labor, and the people came and went,  
According to their old and friendly ways.  
Within the meeting-house upon the hill  
Now Ezra oftener spake, and sometimes Lars,

LARS.

Fain to obey the spirit which impelled ;  
And what of customed phrase they missed, or tone,  
Unlike their measured chant, did he supply  
With words that bore a message to the heart.

All this might seem sufficient ; yet to Ruth  
Was still unrest, where, unto shallow eyes  
Dwelt peace : she felt the uneasy soul of Lars,  
And waited, till his own good time should come.  
Yea, verily, he was happy : could she doubt  
The signs in him that spake the same in her ?  
Yea, he was happy : every day proclaimed  
The freshness of a blessing rebestowed,  
The conscious gift, unworn by time or use,  
And this was sweet to see ; yet he betrayed  
That wavering will, the opposite of faith,  
Which comes of duty known and not performed.  
It seemed his lines of life were cast in peace,

## LARS.

In green Hockessin, where Lars Thorstensen,  
A sound that echoed of Norwegian shores,  
Became Friend Thurston : all things there conspired  
To blot the Past, but in his soul it lived.

Then, as his thoughts went back, his tongue revealed :

He spake of winding fiord and windy fell,  
Of Ulvik's cottages and Graven's lake,  
And all the moving features of a life.  
So strange to Ruth ; till she made bold to break,  
Through playful chiding, what was grave surmise :  
“ I fear me, Lars, that thou art sick for home.  
Thy love is with me and thy memory far :  
Thou seest with half thy sight ; and in thy dreams  
I hear thee murmer in thine other tongue,  
So soft and strange, so good, I cannot doubt,  
If I but knew it ; but thy dreams are safe.”

LARS.

"Nay, wife," he said ; "misunderstand them not !  
For dreams hold up before the soul, released  
From worldly business, pictures of itself,  
And in confused and mystic parables  
Foreshadow what it seeks. I do confess  
I love Old Norway's bleak, tremendous hills,  
Where winter sits, and sees the summer burn  
In valleys deeper than yon cloud is high :  
I love the ocean-arms that gleam and foam  
So far within the bosom of the land :  
It is not that. I do confess to thee  
I love the frank, brave habit of the folk,  
The hearts unspoiled, though fed from ruder times  
And filled with angry blood : I love the tales  
That taught, the ancient songs that cradled me,  
The tongue my mother spake, unto the Lord  
As sweet as thine upon the lips of prayer:  
It is not that."

Then he perused her face  
Full earnestly, and drew a deeper breath.  
“ My wife, my Ruth,” his words came, low yet firm ;  
“ Thou knowest of one who brake-a precious box  
Of ointment, and refreshed the weary feet  
Of Him who pardoned her. But, had He given  
Not pardon only, had He stretched His arm  
And plucked, as from the vine of Paradise,  
All blessing and all bounty and all good,  
What then were she that idly took and used ? ”

“ I read thy meaning,” answered Ruth ; “ speak on ! ”

“ Am I not he that idly uses ? Are there not  
Here many reapers, there a wasting field ?  
In them the fierce inheritance of blood  
I overcame, is mighty still to slay ;  
For ancient custom is a ring of steel

They know not how to snap. By day and night  
A powerful spirit calls me : ' Go to them !'  
What should mine answer to the spirit be ? "

If there were aught of struggle in her heart,  
She hid the signs. A little pale her cheek,  
But with untrembling eyelids she upraised  
Her face to his, and took him by the hands :  
" Thy Lord is mine : what should I say to thee,  
Except what she, whose name I bear, ere yet  
She went to glean in Bethlehem's harvest-field,  
Said to Naomi : ' Nay, entreat me not  
To leave thee, or return from following thee ?  
Should not thy people, then, be mine, as mine  
Are made thine own ? I will not fail : He calls  
On both of us who gives thee this command."

So Ruth, ere long, detached her coming life

LARS.

From all its past, until each well-known thing  
No more was sure or needful, to her mind.  
Her neighbors, even, seemed to come and go  
Like half-existences ; her days, as well,  
Were clad with dream ; she understood the words,  
“I but sojourn among you for a time,”  
And, from the duties which were habits, turned  
To brood o'er those unknown, awaiting her.

But Ezra, when he heard their purpose, spake :  
“Because this thing is very hard to me,  
I dare not preach against it ; but I doubt,  
Being acquainted with the heart of man.

{ ‘T is one thing, Lars, to build thy virtue here,  
Where others urge the better will : but there,  
Alone, persuaded, ridiculed, assailed,  
Couldst thou resist, yet love them ? Nay, I know  
Thy power and conscience : Try them not too soon !

LARS.

Is all I ask. See, I am full of years,  
And thou, my daughter, thou, indeed a son,  
Stay me on either side: wait but awhile  
And ye are free, yea, seasoned as twin beams  
Of soundest oak, for lintels of His door."

They patiently obeyed. The years went by,  
Until five winters blanched to perfect snow  
The old man's hair. Then, when the gusts of March  
Shook into life the torpid souls of trees,  
His body craved its rest. He summoned Lars,  
And meekly said: "I pray thee, pardon me  
That I have lived so long: I meant it not.  
Now I am certain that the end is near;  
And, noting as I must, the deep concern  
On both your minds, I fain would aid that work,  
The which, I see, ye mean to undertake."  
Then counsel wise he gave: it seemed his mind,

LARS.

Those five long years, had pondered all things well,  
Computed every chance and sought the best,  
Foresaw and weighed, foreboded and prepared,  
Until the call was made his legacy.  
  
At last he said : " My sight is verily clear,  
And I behold your duty as yourselves " ;  
Then spake farewell with pleasant voice, and died.

When summer came, upon an English ship  
Sailed Lars and Ruth between the rich green shores  
That widened, sinking, till the land was drowned,  
And they were blown on rolling fields of blue.  
  
Blown backward more than on ; and evil eyes  
Of sailors on their sober Quaker garb  
Began to turn. " Our Jonah ! " was the cry,  
When Lars was seen upon the quarter-deck,  
And one, a ruffian from the Dorset moors,  
Became so impudent and foul of tongue

LARS.

That Ruth was frightened, would have fled below,  
But Lars prevented her. Three strides he made,  
Then by the waistband and the neck he seized  
That brutish boor, and o'er the bulwarks held,  
Above the brine, like death for very fear.

"Now, promise me to keep a decent tongue!"  
Cried Lars; and he: "I promise anything,  
But let me not be lost!" Thenceforth respect  
Those sailors showed to strength, though clad in  
peace.

"Now see I wherefore thou wert made so strong,"  
Ruth said to him, and inwardly rejoiced;  
And soon the mists and baffling breezes fled  
Before a wind that down from Labrador  
Blew like a will unwearied, night and day,  
Across the desert of the middle sea.  
Out of the waters rose the Scilly Isles,  
Afar and low, and then the Cornish hills,

And, floating up by many a valley-mouth  
Of Devon streams, they came to Bristol town.

Awhile among their brethren they abode,  
For thus had Ezra ordered. There were some  
Concerned in trade, whose vessels to and fro  
From Hull across the German Ocean sailed,  
And touched Norwegian ports ; and Lars in those,  
The old man said, must find his nearest stay.  
But soon it chanced that with a vessel came  
A man of Arendal, in Norway land,  
Known to the Friends as fair in word and deed,  
And well-inclined ; and Gustaf Hansen named.  
Norse tongue makes easy friendship : Lars and  
he  
Became as brothers in a little while,  
And, when his worldly charge was ordered, they  
Together all embarked for Arendal.

Calm autumn skies were o'er them, and the sea  
Swelled in unwrinkled glass : they scarcely knew  
How sped the voyage, until Lindesnaes,  
At first a cloud, stood fast, and spread away  
To flanking capes, with gaps of blue between ;  
Then rose, and showed, above the precipice,  
The firs of Norway climbing thick and high  
To wilder crests that made the inland gloom.  
  
In front, the sprinkled skerries pierced the wave ;  
Between them, slowly glided in and out  
The tawny sails, while houses low and red  
Hailed their return, or sent them fearless forth.  
“ This is thy Norway, Lars ; it like looks thee ” ;  
Said Ruth : “ it has a forehead firm and bold ;  
It sets its foot below the reach of storms,  
Yet hides, methinks, in each retiring vale,  
Delight in toil, contentment, love, and peace, —  
My land, my husband ! let me love it, too ! ”

So on their softened hearts the sun went down  
And rose once more ; then Gustaf Hansen came  
Beside them, pilot of familiar shores,  
And said : "To starboard, yonder, lies the isle  
As I described it ; here, upon our lee  
Is mainland all, and there the Nid comes down,  
The timber-shouldering Nid, from endless woods  
And wilder valleys where scant grain is grown.  
Now bend your glances as my finger points,—  
Lo ! there it is, the spire of Arendal !  
Our little town, as homely, kind, and dear,  
As some old dame, round whom her children's babes  
Cling to be petted, comforted, and spoiled.  
And here, my friends, shall ye with me abide  
And with my Thora, till the winter melts,  
Which there, behind yon wall of slaty cloud,  
Possesses fell and upland even now.  
Too strange is Ruth to dare those snowy wastes,

LARS.

Nor is there need : good Thora's heart will turn  
To her, I know, as mine hath turned to Lars ;  
And Arendal is warmly-harbored, snug,  
And not unfriendly in the time of storms."

They could not say him nay. The anchor dropped  
Before the town, and Thora, from the land,  
Tall, broad of breast, with ever-rosy cheeks  
O'er which the breezes tossed her locks of gray,  
Stretched arms of welcome ; and the ancient house,  
With massive beams and ample chimney-place,  
As in Hockessin, made immediate home.  
  
To Ruth, how sweetly the geraniums peeped  
With scarlet eyes across the window-sill !  
How orderly the snowy curtains shone !  
Familiar, too, the plainness and the use  
In all things ; presses of the dusky oak,  
Fair linen, store of healing herbs that smelled

Of charity, and signs of forethought wise  
That justified the plenty of the house.  
It was as Gustaf said : good Thora loved  
The foreign woman, taught and counselled her,  
Taking to heart their purpose, so that she  
Unconsciously received the truth of Friends.  
And Gustaf also, through the soul of Lars,  
To him laid bare, and all that blessing clear  
Obedience brings when speaks the inward voice,  
Believed ere long ; then others come to hear,  
Till there, in Arendal, a brotherhood  
Of earnest seekers for the light grew up,  
Before the hasty spring of northern lands  
Sowed buttercups along the banks of Nid.

But when they burst, those precious common flowers  
That not a meadow of the world can spare,  
Said Lars, one Sabbath, to the little flock :

"Here we have tarried long, and it is well ;  
But now we go, and it is also well.  
This much is blessing added unto those  
That went before ; hence louder rings the call  
Which brought me hither, and I must obey.  
My path is clear, my duty strange and stern,  
The end thereof uncertain ; it may be,  
My brethren, I shall never see ye more.  
Your love upholds me, and your faith confirms  
My purpose : bless me now, and bid farewell !"  
Then Gustaf wept, and said : "Our brother, go !  
Yet thou art with us, and we walk with thee  
In this or yonder world, as bids the Lord."

Their needful preparations soon were made :  
Two strong dun horses of the mountain breed,  
With hoofs like claws, that clung where'er they touched,  
Unholstered saddles, leathern wallets filled

With scrip for houseless ways, close-woven cloaks  
To comfort them upon the cloudy fells,  
And precious books, by Penn and Barclay writ  
And Woolman,—these made up their little store.  
The few and faithful went with them a space  
Along the banks of Nid ; there first besought  
All power and light, and furtherance for the task  
Awaiting Lars : they knew not what it was,  
But what it was, they knew, was good : then all  
Gave hands and said farewell, and Lars and Ruth  
Rode boldly onward, facing the dark land.

Across the lonely hills of Telemark,  
That smiled in sunshine, went their earnest way,  
And by the sparkling waters of the Tind ;  
Then, leaving on the left that chasm of dread  
Where, under Gousta's base, the Rinkan falls  
In winnowing blossoms, tendrilled vines of foam,

And bursting rockets of the starry spray,  
They rode through forests into Hemsedal.  
The people marvelled at their strange attire,  
But all were kind ; and Ruth, to whom their speech  
Was now familiar, found such ordered toil,  
Such easy gladness, temperate desire,  
That many doubts were laid : the spirit slept,  
She thought, and waited but a heartsome call.  
Then ever higher stood the stormy fells  
Against uncertain skies, as they advanced ;  
And ever grander plunged the roaring snow  
Of mighty waterfalls from cliff to vale :  
The firs were mantled in a blacker shade,  
The rocks were rusted as with ancient blood,  
And winds that shouted or in wailing died  
Harried the upper fields, in endless wrath  
At finding there no man.

The soul of Lars

Expanded with a solemn joy ; but Ruth,  
Awed by the gloom and wildness of the land,  
Rode close, and often touched her husband's arm ;  
And when within its hollow dell they saw  
The church of Borgund like a dragon sit,  
Its roof all horns, its pitchy shingles laid  
Like serpent scales, its door a dusky throat,  
She whispered : " This the ancients must have left  
From their abolished worship : is it so ?  
This is no temple of the living Lord,  
That makes me fear it like an evil thing ! "  
" Consider not its outward form," said Lars,  
" Or mine may vex thee, for my sin outgrown.  
I would the dragon in the people's blood  
As harmless were !" So downward, side by side,  
From ridges of the windy Fille Fell  
Unto the borders of the tamer brine,  
• The sea-arm bathing Frithiof's home, they rode ;

## LARS.

Then two days floated past those granite walls  
That mock the boatman with a softer song,  
And took the land again, where shadow broods,  
And frequent thunder of the tumbling rocks  
Is heard the summer through, in Nærödal.  
To Ruth the gorge seemed awful, and the path  
That from its bowels toiled to meet the sun,  
Was hard as any made for Christian's feet,  
In Bunyan's dream ; but Lars with lighter step  
The giddy zigzag scaled, for now, beyond,  
Not distant, lay the Vossevangen vale,  
And all the cheerful neighborhood of home.

At last, one quiet afternoon, they crossed  
The fell from Graven, and below them saw  
The roofs of Ulvik and the orchard-trees  
Shining in richer colors, and the fiord,  
A dim blue gloom between Hardanger heights,—

The strife and peace, the plenty and the need ;  
And both were silent for a little space.  
Then Ruth : " I had not thought thy home so fair,  
Nor yet so stern and overhung with dread.  
It seems to draw me as a danger draws,  
Yet gives me courage : is it well with thee ? "

" That which I would, I know," responded Lars,  
" Not that which may be : ask no more, I pray ! "

Then downward, weary, strangely moved, yet glad,  
They went, a wonder to the Ulvik folk,  
Till some detected, 'neath his shadowy brim,  
The eyes of Lars ; and he was scarcely housed  
With his astonished kindred, ere the news  
Spread from the fountain, ran along the shore.  
For all believed him dead : in truth, the dead  
Could not have risen in stranger guise than he,  
Who spake as one they knew and did not know,  
Who seemed another, yet must be the same.

His folk were kind : they owned the right of blood,  
Nor would disgrace it, though a half-disgrace  
Lars seemed to bring ; but in her strange, sweet self  
Ruth brought a pleasure which ere long was love.  
Her gentle voice, her patient, winning ways,  
Pure thought and ignorance of evil things  
That on her wedlock left a virgin bloom,  
Set her above them, yet her nature dwelt  
In lowness : sister and saint she seemed.

Soon Thorsten, brother of the slaughtered Per,  
Alike a stalwart fisher of the fiord,  
Heard who had come, and published unto all  
The debt of blood he meant to claim of Lars.  
“The coward, only, comes as man of peace,  
To shirk such payment !” were his bitter words.  
And they were carried unto Lars : but he  
Spake firmly : “ Well I knew what he would claim :

LARS.

The coward, knowing, comes not." Nothing more ;  
Nor could they guess the purpose of his mind.  
In little Ulvik all the people learned  
What words had passed, and there were friends of both ;  
But Lars kept silent, walked the ways unarmed,  
And preached the pardon of an utmost wrong.  
Now Thorsten saw in this but some device  
To try his own forbearance : his revenge  
Grew hungry for an answering enmity,  
And weary of its shame ; and so, at last,  
He sent this message : "If Lars Thorstensen  
Deny not blood he spilled, and guilt thereof,  
Then let him meet me by the Graven lake,"—  
On such a day.

When came the message, Lars  
Spake thus to all his kindred : "I will go :  
I do deny not my blood-guiltiness.  
This thing hath rested on my soul for years,

LARS.

And must be met." Then unto Ruth he turned :  
" I go alone : abide thou with our kin."  
But she arose and answered : " Nay, I go !  
Forbid me not, or I must disobey,  
Which were a cross. I give thee to the Lord,  
His helpless instrument, to break or save ;  
Think not my weakness shall confuse thy will ! "  
Lars laid his hand upon her head, and all  
Were strangely melted, though he spake no more,  
Nor then, nor on the way to Graven lake.

Lo ! there were many gathered, kin of both,  
Or friends, or folk acquainted with the tale,  
And curious for its end. The summer sky  
Was beautiful above them, and the trees  
Stood happy, stretching forth forgiving arms ;  
Yet sultry thunder in the hearts of men  
Brooded, the menace of a rain of blood.

LARS.

Lars paused not when he came. He saw the face  
Of Thorsten, ruddy, golden-haired like Per's,  
Amid the throng, and straightway went to him  
And spake : " I come, as thou invitest me.  
My brother, I have shed thy brother's blood ;  
What wouldst thou I should do thee, to atone ? "

" Give yours ! " cried Thorsten, stepping back a pace.

" That murderous law we took from heathen sires,"  
Said Lars, " is guilt upon a Christian land.  
I do abjure it. Wilt thou have my blood,  
Nor less, I dare not lift a hand for thine."

" You came not, then, to fight, though branded here  
A coward ? "

“ Nay, nor ever,” answered Lars ;  
“ But, were I coward, could I calmly bear

Thy words?" Then Thorkil, friend of Thorsten,  
cried

"These people, in their garments, I have heard,

Put on their peace ; or else some magic dwells

In shape of hat or color of the coat,

To make them harmless as a browsing hare.

That Lars we knew had danger in his eyes ;

But this one,— why, uncover, let us see!"

Therewith struck off the hat. And others there

Fell upon Lars, and tore away his coat,

Nor ceased the outrage until they had made

His body bare to where the leathern belt

Is clasped between the breast-bone and the hip.

Around his waist they buckled then a belt,

And brought a knife, and thrust it in his hand.

The open fingers would not hold : the knife

Fell from them, struck, and quivered in the sod.

L A R S.

Thorsten, apart, had also bared his breast,

And waited, beautiful in rosy life.

Then Thorkil and another drew the twain

Together, hooked the belts of each, and strove

Once more to arm the passive hand of Lars :

In vain : his open fingers would not hold

The knife, which fell and quivered in the sod.

He looked in Thorsten's eyes ; great sorrow fell

Upon him, and a tender human love.

"I did not this," he said ; "nor will resist.

If thou art minded so, then strike me dead :

But thou art sacred, for the blood I spilled

Is in thy veins, my brother : yea, all blood

Of all men sacred is in thee." His arms

Hung at his side : he did not shrink or sway :

His flesh touched Thorsten's where the belts were

joined,

And felt its warmth. Then twice did Thorsten lift

LARS.

His arméd hand, and twice he let it sink :  
An anguish came upon his face : he groaned,  
And all that heard him marvelled at the words :  
“ Have pity on me ; turn away thine eyes :  
I cannot slay thee while they look on me ! ”

“ If I could end this bloody custom so,  
In all the land, nor plant a late remorse  
For what is here thy justice,” answered Lars,  
“ I could not say thee nay. Yet, if the deed  
Be good, thou shouldst have courage for the deed ! ”  
Once more looked Thorsten in those loving eyes,  
And shrank, and shuddered, and grew deadly pale,  
Till, with a gasp for breath, as one who drowns  
Draws, when he dips again above the wave,  
He loosed the clutching belts, and sat him down  
And hid his face : they heard him only say :  
“ ’T were well that I should die, for very shame ! ”

## LARS.

Lars heard, and spake to all: "The shame is mine,  
Whose coward heart betrayed me unto guilt.  
I slew my brother Per, nor sought his blood:  
Thou, Thorsten, wilt not mine; I read thy heart.  
But ye, who trample on the soul of man  
In still demanding he shall ne'er outgrow  
The savage in his veins, through faith in Good,  
Who Thorsten rule, even as ye ruled myself,—  
I call ye to repent! That God we left,  
White Balder, were more merciful than this:  
If one, henceforward, cast on Thorsten shame,  
The Lord shall smite him when the judgment comes!"

Never before, such words in such a place  
Were preached by such apostle. Bared, as though  
For runes of death, while red Berserker rage  
Kindled in some, in others smouldered out,  
He raised his hand and pointed to the sky:

Far off, behind the silent fells, there rolled  
A sudden thunder. Ruth, who all the while  
Moved not nor spake, stood forth, and o'er her face  
There came the glory of an opening heaven.  
Now that she knew the habit of the folk,  
She spake not ; but she clothed the form of Lärs  
In silence, and the women, weeping, helped.  
Then Thorsten rose, and seeing her, he said :  
“ Thou art his wife ; they tell me thou art good.  
I am no bloodier than thy husband was  
Before he knew thee : hast thou aught to say ? ”  
She took his hand and spake, as one inspired :  
“ Thou couldst not make thyself a man of blood !  
This is thy seed of blessing : let it grow !  
Gladness of heart, and peace, and honored name  
Shall come to thee : the unrighteous, cruel law  
Is broken by thy hands, no less than his  
Who loves thee, and would sooner dic than harm ! ”

"They speak the truth," said Thorsten; "thou art  
good,

And it were surely bitter grief to thee  
If I had slain him. Go! his blood is safe  
From hands of mine."

His words the most approved;

The rest, bewildered, knew not what to say.

In these the stubborn mind and plastic heart  
Agreed not quickly, for the thing was strange,  
An olden tale with unforeboded end:

They must have time. The crowd soon fell apart,  
Some faces glad, all solemn, and dispersed;  
Except one woman, who, from time to time,  
Pressed forward, then, as with uncertain will,  
Turned back as often. Troubled was her face  
And worn: within the hollows of her eyes  
Dwelt an impatient sorrow, and her lips  
Had from themselves the girlish fulness pressed.

Her hair hung negligent, though plenteous still ;  
And beauty that no longer guards itself,  
But listlessly beholds its ruin come,  
Made her an apparition wild and sad,  
A cloud on others' joy.

Lars, as he left

That field unsullied, saw the woman stand.  
“ Brita !” he cried ; and all the past returned  
And all the present mixed with it, and made  
His mouth to quiver and his eyes to fill :  
“ Unhappy Brita, and I made thee so !  
Is there forgiveness yet for too much love  
And foolish faith, that brought us double woe ?  
I dare not ask it ; couldst thou give unasked ? ”  
Her face grew hard to keep the something back  
Which softened her : “ Make Per alive,” she said,  
“ One moment only, that he pardon me,  
And thou art pardoned ! else, I think, canst thou

Bear silence, as I bear it from the dead.

O, thou hast done me harm!" But Ruth addressed  
 These words to her: "I never did thee harm,  
 Yet on my soul my husband's guilt to thee  
 Is made a shadow: let me be thy friend!  
 Only a woman knows a woman's need."

Lars understood the gesture and the glance  
 Which Ruth then gave, and hastened on the path  
 To join his kindred, leaving them alone.  
 So Ruth by Brita walked, and spake to her  
 In words whose very sound a comfort gave,  
 Like some soft wind that o'er an arid land,  
 Unfelt at first, fans on with cooling wings  
 Till all the herbage freshens, and the soil  
 Is moist with dew; and Brita's arid heart  
 Thus opened: "Yea, all this is very well.  
 So much thou knowest, being woman,— love

Of man, and man's of thee, and both declared :  
But, say, how canst thou measure misery  
Of love that lost its chances, made the Past .  
One dumbness, and forever reckons o'er  
The words unspoken, which to both were sweet,  
The touch of hands that never binding met,  
The kisses, never given and never took,  
The hopes and raptures that were never shared, —  
Nay, worse than this, for she withheld, who knew  
They might have been, from him who never  
knew ! ”

Therewith her passion loosed itself in sobs,  
And on the pitying breast of Ruth she wept  
Her heart to calmness ; then, with less of pain,  
She told the simple story of her life :  
How, scarce two years before, her grandam died,  
Who would have seen her wedded, and was wroth,

At times, in childish petulance of age,  
But kinder — 't was a blessing! — ere she died,  
Leaving the cottage highest on the slope,  
Naught else, to Brita ; but her wants were few.  
The garden helped her, and the spotted cow,  
Now old, indeed : she span the winter through,  
And there was meal enough, and Thorsten gave  
Sometimes a fish, because she grieved for Per ;  
And, now the need of finery was gone, —  
For men came not a-wooing where consent  
Abode not, — she had made the least suffice.  
Yes, she was lonely : it was better so,  
For she must learn to live in loneliness.  
As much as unto Ruth she had not said  
To any woman, trusting her, it seemed,  
Without a knowledge, more than them she knew.  
“ Yea, trust me, Sister Brita ! ” Ruth replied,  
“ And try to love : my heart is drawn to thee.”

Thereafter, many a day, went Ruth alone  
To Brita's cottage, vexing not with words  
That woke her grief, and silent as to Lars,  
Till Brita learned to smile when she appeared,  
And missed her when she came not. Now, meanwhile,  
The news of Lars, and Thorsten's foiled revenge  
Beside the lake of Graven, travelled far  
Past Vik and Vossevangen, o'er the fells,  
To all the homesteads of the Bergenstift ;  
And every gentle heart leaped up in joy,  
While those of restless old Berserker blood  
Beat hot with wrath. Who oversets old laws,  
They said, is dangerous ; and who is he  
That dares to preach, and hath not been ordained ?  
This thing concerns the ministers, they whom  
The State sets over us, with twofold power,  
Divine and secular, to teach and rule.  
Then he, the shepherd of the Ulvik flock,

Not now that good old man, but one whose youth  
More hateful showed his Christless bigotry,  
Made Sabbaths hot with his anathemas  
Of Lars, and stirred a tumult in the land.  
Some turned away, and all grew faint of heart,  
Seeing the foothold yield, and slip ; till Lars,  
Now shunned at home, and drawn by messages  
From Gustaf Hansen and the faithful souls  
In Arendal, said : " It is time to go."

" Nay, tarry but a little while," spake Ruth.  
" I have my purpose here, as thou hadst thine :  
Grant me but freedom, for the end, I think,  
Is justified."

Lars answered : " Have thy will ! "

She summoned Brita, and the twain went down  
To pace the scanty strand beside the wave,

LARS.

Which, after storm, was quiet, though the gloom  
Of high, opposing mountains filled the fiord.  
Ruth spake of parting ; Brita answered not,  
But up and down in silence walked the strand,  
Then suddenly : "No message sendeth Lars ?  
My pardon he implored ; and that, to thee,  
I know, were welcome. Hadst thou asked, perchance,  
Perverse in sorrow, I should still withhold ;  
But thou departest, who hast been so kind,  
And I — ah, God ! what else have I to give ?"  
"The Lord requite thee, Brita !" Ruth exclaimed ;  
"The gift that blesses must be given unasked :  
What now remains, is easy. Come with us,  
With Lars and me, and be our home thy home,  
All peace we win, all comfort, thine as ours !"  
  
Once more walked Brita up and down the strand,  
Bowing her face upon her shielding hands,

As if to muse, unwatched ; then stood, and seemed  
About to speak, when, with a shrilling cry  
She sprang, and fell, and grovelled on her knees,  
And thrust her fingers in the wet sea-sand.

Ruth, all in terror, ran to her, and saw  
How, from the bones of some long-wasted fish  
An osprey dropped, or tempest beat to death,  
Caught in the breakers, and the drifted shells,  
And tangles of the rotting kelp, she plucked  
Something that sparkled, pressed it to her lips,  
And cried : "A sign ! a sign ! 't is grandam speaks!"

Then trembling rose, and flung herself on Ruth,  
And kissed her, saying : "I will follow thee.  
My heart assented, yet I had denied,  
But, ere I spake, the miracle was done !  
Thy words give back the jewel lost with Per :  
Tell Lars I do forgive him, and will serve  
Thee, Ruth, a willing handmaid, in thy home !"

So Brita went with them to Arendal.  
There milder habits, easier government  
Of bench and pulpit for a while left all  
In peace: and not alone within the fold  
Of Friends came Brita, but the Lord inspired.  
She spake with power, as one by suffering taught  
A chastened spirit, and she wrought good works.  
She was a happy matron ere she died,  
And blessing came on all ; for, from that day  
Of doubt and anguish by the Graven lake,  
The Lord fulfilled in Ruth one secret prayer,  
And gave her children ; and the witness borne  
By Lars, the voice of his unsprinkled blood,  
Became a warning on Norwegian hills.

Here, now, they fade. The purpose of their lives  
Was lifted up, by something over life,  
To power and service. Though the name of Lars

LARS.

Be never heard, the healing of the world  
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star  
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars  
Break up the Night, and make it beautiful.

THE END.









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